

Women's Societies

SUGGESTIONS.

By Miss C. L. Campbell.

"If two of you agree . . . as touching . . . they shall ask, it shall be done."

You leaders of Juniors will soon begin teaching the Home Mission book, "The Children of the Lighthouse," and if you meet with some difficulties, do not be discouraged. You can always find "one more thing to do"; do that, and others will suggest themselves.

First call together three or four leading spirits from among your Juniors, and let them feel the responsibility of getting up the class; each one to bring one or two new members; one to arrange the place of meeting, putting the right number of chairs around a table, arranging the "place cards," &c.; one to see that the notice is given out in Sunday-school and in church. Above everything, begin this little committee meeting with prayer, asking each girl to make a prayer, if she can say nothing more than "God bless our class," and ask them to pray for the class every day till they meet again. Their own responsibility for the work, and their praying for it, will give the class a "balance" and tone that nothing else will accomplish.

At this first meeting of the committee have the girls cut out the little paper life-boats, which will serve as "place cards at your first general meeting; and have these same girls find on the last page of the Survey the name of some missionary in Cuba, or Mexico, to whom they will write at once asking for a letter from some worker there to be read to the class of a future meeting.

The Leader's Manual for the course, by Margaret Applegarth, is very suggestive, and can be had for ten cents from our Publication Committee, Richmond, Va. Be sure to get this.

At your first meeting of the class, have spread out on the table a map of the United States, which will also have on it Cuba and Mexico. Instead of one lighthouse, make four, and place one each at Nashville, Atlanta, Louisville and Richmond, to show the children that our Church has four centers from which she is sending out "the Light." Mark with a star each mission station, which the children can find in Survey or Prayer Calendar.

Have your "wild waves" rolled up and placed on the table, and fan these down the table to the children; on opening these "waves" they will find the questions which you have written for the next lesson—questions about Cuba and Mexico, which they can find in their geographies.

I would very earnestly urge that no normal child over eleven or twelve be asked to join this class; the work will not hold their interest, and they will prove a disturbance to the class. For those children use the Senior book, "diluted." The Senior book will be discussed next week, and the Junior book again the following week.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SYNODICALS.

You are busy planning the program for your annual meeting, and I know you are eager for any suggestions concerning it. Perhaps some of the following may prove helpful.

1. The School of Methods (see below).

I have given this at Presbyterials and it has been thought helpful by those present. You could select such parts as you wish emphasized, if there is not time for all—III and IV could well be combined. You might give the different divisions into the hands

of women who will study and prepare something really helpful.

2. Montreat.

Will you not see that you have a good report from Montreat? Let all in attendance know what a privilege it is to attend the Summer School of Missions at Montreat.

3. The Evening Meetings.

Since the action of the Orlando General Assembly in regard to woman's activities in the Church, you may without criticism hear from our lady missionaries at your evening meetings—if the pastor and session of the hostess church approve.

We have some excellent speakers among our lady missionaries on furlough, and you can secure a good address by writing at once to Dr. Egbert Smith and requesting that he send you a lady missionary.

4. Pageants.

These are always enjoyable and speak a timely lesson.

"Christ in America," a Home Mission pageant, has met with much favor. This is obtained from our Home Mission office.

"From Far Japan," written by our missionaries in Japan, was given with great success at Montreat this year by our missionaries themselves. Information concerning it and prices on scenery, etc., can be obtained from Rev. John I. Armstrong, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.

"The Songs They Sang" is a delightful little missionary play suitable for girls of ten and twelve years. It is attractive, simple and easily rendered, yet very effective. Price, ten cents per single copy, five cents each in quantities. Address Woman's Auxiliary for these, and "A Call From Japan," recently in these columns.

Please arrange to give plenty of time on the program to the announcement of the riches on the literature table.

If we can assist you farther, please let us know.

With every good wish for an instructive and enjoyable meeting, I am,
Hallie P. Winsborough,
Superintendent.

School of Methods.

1. History and Geography.

Our Denomination in History. Characteristic features.

Our auxiliary, history and scope.

Boundaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

Relation of General Assembly to Synodical.

Presbyterial and local organizations.

II. Arithmetic.

The annual report.

Treasurer's books.

Apportionments, pledges, accuracy of records.

Methods of giving—envelopes, mite boxes, collectors, dues, etc.

III. Grammar and Languages.

Keeping minutes.

Program—regular and special.

Mission study—text books and helps.

Reading circles—books recommended.

Story telling—method and material.

Magazines, leaflets and missionary letters.

IV. Opening and Closing Exercises.

Unity of scheme for program and devotional exercise.

Careful selection of Scripture.

Use of Prayer Calendar.

Definite prayer for work and workers assigned to the society.

Special prayer services.

V. Special Supplementary Subjects.

Domestic science.

The social hour.

Drawing.

Invitations, posters, etc.

Dramatics.

Music.

Missionary hymns, national songs, appropriate special music.

Nature study.

Out of door meetings, picnics, pilgrimages, country meetings.

MISSISSIPPI PRESBYTERIAL.

The Presbyterian Woman's Auxiliary of Mississippi Presbytery will hold its tenth meeting in Port Gibson, Miss., October 4, 5, 6, 1916.

Delegates are asked to arrange the time of their arrival so they can enjoy the opening service, which will be held in the church, at 7:30 P. M., October 4th. We hope for a full representation and a happy season of fellowship.

Societies will please send as soon as possible the names of their delegates and time of arrival to the chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Port Gibson, Miss.

Miss S. B. Gilkeson,

President.

Mrs. J. M. Williams,

Secretary.

A KOREAN BALAAM.

Kim, like too many men, had no use for the gospel simply because he did not want salvation. He preferred his sins, especially his frequent visits to the market-place to spend the day drinking with his friends, and to reach home he seldom knew how. One memorable day, as Kim rode his donkey into the market-place, who should he meet but that pestilential colporteur! Those words of the Bible seller kept ringing in Kim's ears all day long: "The time of death is like the time when a man enters the prison gates—it is too late for repentance. Will it be to-night? Who knows? Repent and believe to-day."

Not even the market-place could drown that sound. It so interfered with the indulgences of the day that Kim was unable to mount his donkey without help. Still there was something ringing in his ears besides the colporteur's words, and by the time his donkey was slowly climbing the ascent circling the end of the hill that overhangs the river, Kim was fast asleep. His donkeyship knew by the dropped reins and the absence of the refrain: "Era! Era!" that he was free to take his time and choose his road.

Half way up the slope was a hawthorn that grew at the edge of the road, horizontally outward from the cliff, over the river. Now there is nothing so sweet to Korean donkey lips as hawthorn leaves. One nibble led to another. Those within reach having all been enjoyed, one forefoot went out on to the trunk and was soon followed by the other. What a treat, and more just ahead! Soon even the hind feet were on the tree. The absence of the swaying motion brought Kim back from dreamland. Opening his eyes he glanced to the right and saw nothing but sky reflected in the river. He looked down to the left—nothing but white clouds; upward—blue sky. "Where's the earth? Where am I? Have I died and left the earth with no more chance to repent? O God, give me just one more chance on earth and I'll repent once for all. Just one more day, O God!"

The animal, hearing an unusual sound from his master, supposed he was being scolded for his forgetful self-indulgence and did what only a donkey could do in that predicament—he rose on his hind legs and turning on the narrow trunk, planted his forefeet on the road and trotted up the hill. Years afterward, when Kim was

asked at a Bible conference how he became a convert, he told this story and ended with: "So, you see, I am a Korean Balaam."—The Christian Herald.

JOHN, THE NURSE.

Several years ago, when yellow fever was raging in Memphis, a stranger entered the city and went directly to the Relief Committee.

"I want to nurse," he said.

The physician looked at him critically. These were appalling times. The city was quarantined. Patients were numbered by hundreds, and nurses were so scarce as to command their own prices.

The man who had applied for this perilous position was the last person that one would have picked out for such a service. His face was coarse, with no trace of heroism in it. His hair was cropped close, and he shuffled as he walked. The physician concluded he was not fitted for the work, and told him he was not needed.

"I wish to nurse," said the stranger.

"Try me for a week. If you don't like me then, dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages."

The doctor again looked at the man's eyes with professional scrutiny, and found them unflinching.

"Very well," he said, "I'll take you, although, to be candid, I hesitate to do so. Keep honest and sober. What's your name?"

The man hesitated. "Anything," he answered. "It doesn't matter. Call me John."

The doctor, not liking the mystery, but in straits for nurses, gave the man directions and set him to work.

"He wants money," thought the doctor, "and takes this desperate way of making it. I'll keep my eyes on him."

But John soon proved that he needed nobody's eye upon him. With quiet persistence he worked his way into the confidence of those about him, and in a few weeks had become one of the most valuable nurses on that heroic force. To storm yellow fever is as deadly an undertaking as the ride of the Light Brigade. John was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence was hottest he worked the hardest.

The suffering and the sinking adored him. To the neglected and the forgotten his rough face was as the face of an angel. In a way of his own he spoke of Christian trust to his dying patients.

"I cannot understand God," he would say, "but I know Christ well." Before the nurse knew it, he was greatly honored in the stricken city.

Yet there was still something suspicious about the hero, and especially about his conduct on pay-day. He dodged around back streets, and when he returned he was always without money. What did he do with his large wages?

One day he was followed. The spy felt confident that he should entrap John in some misdemeanor. Relief-boxes had been placed in certain streets for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers. Before one of these, in an obscure spot, the suspected nurse stopped, and put into the box the whole of his week's earnings.

That was John's noble secret.

But his story, like that of many another heroic life, had a tragic end. John sickened and died of the plague. When his body was made ready for its unnamed grave, a livid mark was found upon it, and the hospitals rang with the news that John, the nurse, had been a convict.—Champion.

Anything that makes sin less sinful convives at sin.